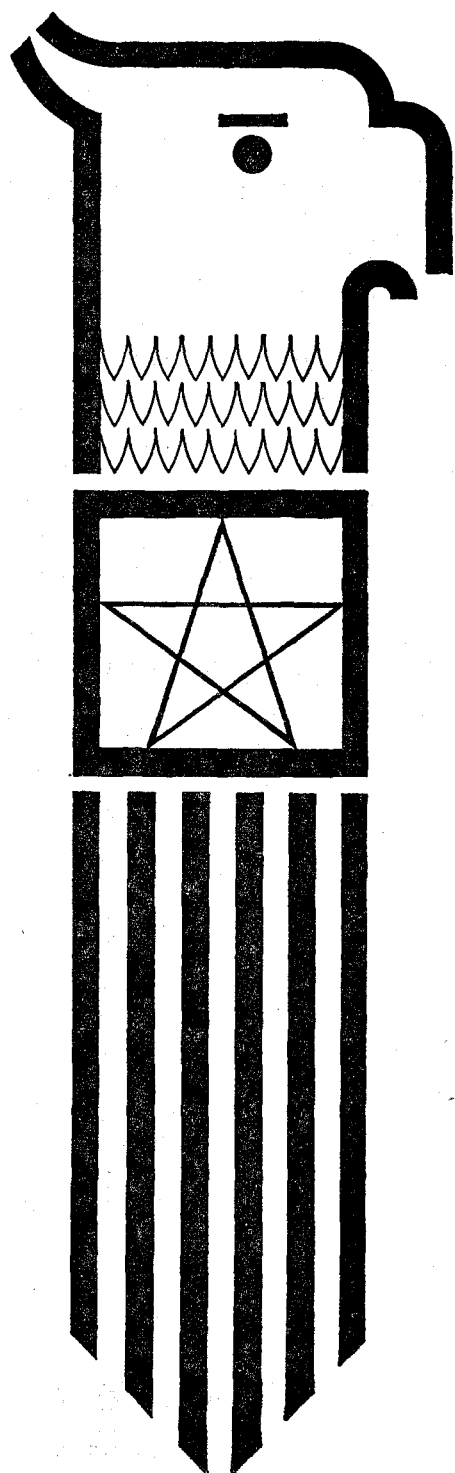


THE NATION

JUNE 16, 1962 . . 25c



THE POLITICS OF EULOGY

From Ideology to Ritual

Harvey Wheeler



INDIA'S UNREPORTED WAR

George N. Patterson



WINDFALL in SPACE

The Communications Satellites

The Charles C. Johnson J. L. Lindsay
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

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LETTERS

Another Nixon Switch

Dear Sirs: May I express my appreciation for Theodore Roszak's review of *The Liberal Papers* [May 5]? And may I make just the slightest correction?

Anent Nixon's ideas regarding the repeal of the Connally Reservations, he writes, "Even Nixon is for that." More accurately Nixon *was* for that, but, characteristically Nixon-like, switched. The California papers may have buried it, as few Californians seem to know about it, but in mid-October, 1960, Nixon announced (according to *The New York Times*) that he had decided to oppose the repeal. Perhaps he has changed back, but I am not aware of it.

So Nixon's brave trial-balloon speech in April, 1959, to the Academy of Political Scientists ended up not with a bang but with a whimper.

HENRY P. SCHROERLUKE
Minister

Manhattan Beach Community Church
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

On the Cornell Campus

Dear Sirs: Andrew Hacker's article, "Cornell: Campus Close-up" [May 19], contains some important inaccuracies. . . . Professor Hacker does not mention that the initial appeal [for a day of university-wide classroom discussion of the threat of nuclear war] was circulated beyond the Cornell campus and that some members of the Keuka College faculty carried out the suggested program. (A few Cornell professors did, in fact, devote their November 17 classes to the discussions, but their action failed to have any dramatic impact.)

The article goes on to describe an anti-testing telegram and an anti-anti-testing letter. Hacker claims that the opposition to resumed nuclear testing came mostly from the "theoretical" departments. This is true, but both letter and telegram originated in the mathematics department, and the letter did not just have signatures of "applied" people. Indeed, one of the signers of the letter was a political scientist; three were leading full professors of English. (The members of the English department who opposed resumed testing were all of lesser rank.)

About the only generalization concerning faculty members which can be supported by facts is that they have a low opinion of their colleagues' political judgment. Many of those opposed to

setting aside a day for the discussion of problems of nuclear war felt that, although they could handle such a discussion properly in the classroom, the students ought not to be exposed to the ravings of their fellow professors who were incompetent to treat such matters.

Fortunately, a group of students, mostly graduate students in mathematics and physics, were not daunted by the fumbings of their teachers. Some of these students have been publishing a mimeographed journal, *Controversy*, which ought to be mentioned in any close-up of Cornell. This group, and especially *Controversy*, has spoken out on all eight issues listed in Hacker's article. Most important, they managed to prod the faculty to political action in starting the Voters for Peaceful Alternatives. . . .

CARL S. HERZ

Ithaca, N.Y.

Soirees vs. Policy

Dear Sirs: I have read Carey McWilliams' fine article, "Time for a New Politics." He is basically correct in his plea for realignment. But his implication that the Kennedy Administration lacks real leadership needed greater emphasis. Isn't this the heart of the matter?

Those who have any legitimate claim to the "liberal" tag should now face up to the fundamental fact that John F. Kennedy *lacks* the qualities of real leadership. Many who should know better have been hoodwinked by the "cultural soirees" and such, set up by Jackie in the White House. . . . If J.F.K. has any philosophy, it encompasses "Nothing succeeds like success!" When the Cuban fiasco faced him, he took it as a personal affront rather than as an opportunity to assess the issues involved.

El Paso, Tex. WILLIAM H. FISHER

Oops, Sorry

Dear Sirs: It seems that Carey McWilliams feels that there is a void, a blank political space on the "Left," in the United States. . . . There is no political

CORRECTION

In our Letters column of June 2, the word "not" was inadvertently omitted from a sentence in a communication from Rev. Robert Paul Mohan of the Catholic University of America. The sentence should have read: "Not only would I limit such action to what Professor Ramsey has called 'counter-forces,' but I would *not* equate moral permissibility with advisability—in defiance of political and military considerations." We regret the error.—Ed.

void on the "Left." There is only the writer's strange silence about the program of the Socialist Labor Party. History, which has often seen fit to keep revolutionary parties small until social pressures suddenly magnify their importance, has also bestowed myopia on many editors.

SIDNEY FINK
Portland, Ore.

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The Nation, June 16, 1962. Vol. 194, No. 24

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year \$8, Two years \$14, Three years \$20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian \$1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

EDITORIALS

Tax Cuts and the Military Budget

When business is good, businessmen call for a balanced budget with the tireless reiteration of a stuck phonograph record, but these cries are muted as soon as the first pangs of financial bellyache are felt. Then they will accept any medicine, even if it is the nostrum they were denouncing the day before yesterday. They will accept even a budgetary deficit. One way to get a deficit, or to enlarge one (Mr. Kennedy's prospective balanced budget was a fairy tale) is to cut taxes. Of course, businessmen are always for lower taxes — again the phonograph record — so the two prescriptions go very nicely together. What the business community would like at this juncture is a cut of a few per cent in corporation rates, which is the maximum that even their most dotting friends envision, and a hefty cut in individual rates in the higher brackets — say from the current 91 per cent to a maximum of 65 per cent. Some relief will also be afforded to the small taxpayer, but since he is small, and there are so many of him, the relief will be appropriately small.

Why Mr. Kennedy should be greatly impressed by the fluctuating views of the business community is not clear. Of course, the business community can make or break him, but it will not break him at the cost of its own well-being. Nor can Mr. Kennedy take seriously the yells of insult and injury which always emanate from the articulate sectors of business at such a time. Mr. Kennedy may be less than reluctant to lock horns with the American Medical Association, but he has always met business at least halfway. He has let it have all that he possibly could, considering that he is not President of Wall Street or of U.S. Steel, but President of the United States. He appointed an eminent Republican, Douglas Dillon, to the Treasury, and Luther Hodges, a conservative Democrat, to Commerce; he has wooed the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the National Association of Manufacturers. He, himself, certainly was not born in a log cabin. Business really hasn't a thing to complain about, as far as the President is concerned.

The Nation does not disapprove of these appointments and these attitudes. The structure of our society being what it is, they are probably as good as

one can expect. *The Nation* approves wholeheartedly of something else Mr. Kennedy has done: he has tried to bring about something of a *détente* in U.S.-Soviet relations, and he has not been entirely unsuccessful. But, with complete inconsistency, Mr. Kennedy has also increased military and para-military spending by 25 per cent over the preceding administration. Let him cut the military budget! It is not sacred. At least let him cut it to the Eisenhower level. Then he can cut taxes and still have a balanced budget — or something within hailing distance. Nor would it be necessary, in that case, to cut welfare spending, which is another of the shibboleths so dear to the business community.

Does this approach to a consistent policy have a familiar ring? Of course it does: it is what the late Charles E. Wilson tried to do in the Department of Defense, and George M. Humphrey in the Treasury. It is also what President Eisenhower felt in his heart was right, and would have done if he had had the insight and the pertinacity required. He failed, largely because of his addiction to the policies of John Foster Dulles, and both Wilson and Humphrey were forced out. Under Eisenhower and Wilson, the Brass talked too much and they spent too much; but they did not enjoy as much of a bonanza as they have now. Mr. Kennedy could calm the international atmosphere further if, having shut up the military, he would crack down on their budgets. It is the more necessary because, as the race to the moon accelerates, the space budget will rise at the same pace. It will take courage to do these things, but Mr. Kennedy does not lack courage. Now, with the bull market turned into a bear market, he will need courage, and he will need to follow his own instinct, not that of the business community which, even with the best will in the world, must put self-interest first, and the short view over the long.

Down Guatemala Way

It is, of course, axiomatic that Uncle Sam loves all anti-Communist nations; but, on a fiscal basis, he loves Spain and Guatemala the most. Other countries receive aid only after sweating it out while the Congress haggles over how much and for what. By law, however, Spain, where we have those billion-dollar bases, re-

ceives a specified yearly retainer — and so does Guatemala. The latter's stipend was fixed at \$25 million in 1957-58 when Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, before his election to the Senate, was a registered agent of Guatemala and, it may be said, a very resourceful and capable one.

Twenty-five million a year is of course merely a payment on account: Guatemala, small as it is, needs more than that. In the June 3 *Washington Post*, Dan Kurzman gives a complete run-down on who gets what in Guatemala. Since the pro-Communist, or at any rate not anti-Communist, government of Jacob Arbenz was overthrown in 1955 (that was at Uncle Sam's expense, too), \$148 million has been siphoned out of the American taxpayers' pockets into Guatemalan pockets. "Yet," writes Kurzman, "little permanent economic improvement in the country has been noted." It seems that of the country's total revenue, only 7 per cent comes from taxation on income while another 75 per cent derives from customs, sales and excise taxes which, says Kurzman, "strike hardest at the impoverished masses." According to one American expert, the United States "has in a sense been subsidizing the few wealthy in Guatemala. American taxpayers are contributing the revenue that the Guatemalan ruling class should be contributing themselves."

There are riots now and then [see "Guatemala's Shrine of Blood," by David Graham, *The Nation*, June 2] and communism is stronger than ever; this makes Uncle's emissaries a trifle uneasy. Guatemala has requested an immediate handout of \$4 million to pay teachers and civil servants, many of whom have not seen a paycheck for two months. Uncle's representatives are determined that this supererogatory aid shall not be squandered, and are demanding that Guatemala "accept conditions consistent with the aims of the Alliance for Progress." There can be little doubt that the conditions will be accepted, in principle. With equally little doubt, the Guatemalan ruling class will continue to live, at Uncle's expense, in the style to which he has accustomed them. And this for one simple reason — Uncle has no one else to sit on the lid for him down Guatemala way.

Szilard's Peace Lobby

According to Robert Jungk, Leo Szilard has a "special gift for deducing future events from present facts." He is also unusual in that he combines political and scientific insight. Two manifestations of his acumen are closely related, though separated by almost a quarter-century in time. The first occurred in 1939, when Szilard drafted the letter which Einstein signed and Alexander Sachs submitted to Franklin D. Roosevelt, proposing accelerated investigation of the possibility of making an atomic bomb, lest the Germans do it first. Szilard then spent World War II working on the bomb. Since

then he has been trying to avert a third World War.

In his article, "Are We on the Road to War?" in the April, 1962, *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, Szilard now expresses his conviction that we are headed for an all-out nuclear war and that "our chances of getting through the next ten years without war are slim." The difference between the 1939 and 1962 predictions is that the first was necessarily secret; the second is public and the public can act on it if it will. Szilard has not resorted to the usual resonant exhortations, whose echoes quickly die away. He has a concrete plan. Peace is to be made an issue in American politics. Anyone who believes that he would be willing to contribute 2 per cent of his income (assuming he later agrees with the political objectives of the lobby) can participate in what is essentially an experiment to determine whether Americans have enough faith in the democratic process to try to bring it to bear on the crucial question of our time.

Szilard has discussed the chances of a U.S.-Soviet *détente* with Khrushchev, Soviet and American scientists, American students and people in our government. He knows he is appealing to the critical minority, but he does not know how large it is. Nor do people in the government know. "There are many intelligent men in Congress," Szilard notes, "who have insight into what goes on; the movement could help these men to have the courage of their convictions. There are others in Congress who are not capable of such insight; the only thing to do with them is not to return them to Congress and to replace them with better men." If a sizable bloc can be recruited not only to vote for candidates who will make a serious effort to relax U.S.-Soviet tensions, but also to contribute to their campaigns, it may not be too late to avert disaster.

Szilard has done the preliminary work on a project which may well serve to tie together the disparate segments of the peace movement in the United States and to transform it into a political force. *Nation* readers may secure reprints of "Are We on the Road to War?" from the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, 935 East 60th Street, Chicago 37, Illinois, at 10 cents for a single copy; 25 or more copies are 7 cents each. A first edition of 15,000 reprints has been sold out, but a second printing is coming off the press. Those who wish to participate in Dr. Szilard's experiment after reading his prospectus may write him, indicating briefly the degree of their interest, at the Dupont Plaza Hotel, Washington 6, D.C.

'The Yellow Peril'

Kaiser Wilhelm II, who was always talking of "the yellow peril," is coming into his own as a great prophet. The Chinese are making ugly faces at the Russians; they are engaged in a border dispute with India. Every

year, when they are put up for membership in the United Nations, the organization is riven by a dispute which threatens to disrupt it. And now the Chinese have given Congress and the Kennedy Administration more jitters on top of the ones they had already. It all began with the flood of refugees from Red China into Hong Kong, which stopped as suddenly as it began. President Kennedy offered to take some refugees — carefully screened, of course, and a few thousand at most. Even so, it seems that a great number of pure-blooded Americans who have even less relish for Chinese than for Jews and Negroes, are pouring such a volume of protest mail into Washington that Congressmen are aghast. Members of Congress are appealing to the White House and State Department for guidance on how to answer the mail “without political risk”: November is only five months away.

Such are the dangers of tossing an innocent public-relations gimmick into a press conference. The President certainly had no intention of colonizing California, or any other state, with the Asian heathen, or with Asian Christians either. Everybody loves refugees, as long as they go somewhere else for refuge. The late Adolf Eichmann was perfectly willing to trade German Jews for trucks, but there was no country which wanted

any sizable number of Jews, however capable and well-behaved. So they went to the gas chambers. Nor, if one gets down to the grass roots, have all Americans been happy with the Hungarians and Cubans who chose freedom. With this record, the letter-writers seem to be knocking themselves out over very little. Perhaps fifty Chinese families will be admitted to the United States, with great hoopla and television fanfare, and they will not be coolies. They will more likely be once wealthy Chinese who bought their way out of Red China long ago and haven't been doing too badly in Hong Kong.

The paradoxical element is that the same people who grow apoplectic when food for China is mentioned also turn purple when the President suggests that some good, well-perfumed Chinese might be welcomed to our midst. As *The Nation* suggested editorially last week, the Red regime, by releasing a sample of refugees, may have been suggesting that it would be well to stop putting legal obstacles in the way of trade in food (with which American warehouses are bursting). If so, they may have pushed the right button. We may yet see the piquant spectacle of a Solon of the Far Right choosing the lesser evil and shouting for food for China on the floor of the Senate.

THE POLITICS of EULOGY . . by Harvey Wheeler

Political debate is a perennial phenomenon in any representative form of government; but debate on politics per se—on the nature and goals of government and its relation to the citizen—is another matter. “Time for a New Politics,” which appeared in our May 26 issue, was designed to set the stage for the resumption of a kind of inquiry which we have not had in this country since the New Deal.

Mr. Wheeler's contribution will be followed by others in these columns. Mr. Wheeler is presently on leave from the political science faculty of Washington and Lee University for work at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara, Calif.—Ed.

THROUGHOUT the world of American letters there is a great debate in progress over the foundations of American culture. Books, symposia, foundation-supported projects and informal discussions of American culture have risen to the

flood stage. The American character, American national purposes, religion in America, the American community, the American educational system, the free-enterprise “American way,” the American Constitution, the role of the American states, the American Presidency, the American party system, the American approach to foreign relations, and most central of all, American democracy, are merely the most familiar of the areas in which this mid-century cultural soul-searching is taking place.

This mass self-analysis, with each playing psychiatrist to all the rest, forms the substance of endless well-publicized debates and TV documentaries, but out of it all one gets a strange impression: there is no argument. Nobody is really opposing anybody else. Each is courting the whole. The polarity of American politics has disappeared. Indeed, the primary purpose of these elaborate public endeavors seems to be to produce agreement and unanimity, not

to clarify the issues on which a real battle can be fought.

One reason for this is that our arguments are not really aimed at ourselves so much as at our cold-war enemy. We seem to feel an obligation to say what we are fighting them to preserve, not what kind of future is worth struggling among ourselves to achieve. Inevitably then, we have produced the politics of eulogy, rather than the politics of ideology. It is the substitution of self-eulogy for ideology that is the distinguishing characteristic of American politics during the post-World War II period. This does not mean that all competition has disappeared from American politics, but merely that it has ceased to have an ideological foundation.

Traditional political divisions have disappeared. The old divisions were clear. Supporters of business were opposed by supporters of labor. The entire population could be divided politically into supporters of ex-

tended social-welfare programs and their opponents. Those who supported labor and social welfare also advocated expanded civil-rights protections. Their business and economy-minded opponents followed suit, disparaging civil rights for crackpots and radicals. The two sides continued their opposition into a difference over democracy itself and whether popular participation in politics was really a good thing. These were the traditional issues of American politics. Any one of them could be used to tell the difference between conservatives and liberals. If someone tested out as a liberal on one issue, it was safe to predict that he would follow suit on all the rest. There were reliable ideological bench marks in American politics. But these good old days are gone.

LIBERALS are no longer of one mind on trust-busting. They no longer agree that corporate bigness is bad in itself. Liberals are no longer those who speak the loudest in favor of increasing the electoral participation of the masses. Big Government, which was formerly regarded by liberals as their natural ally, no longer attracts automatic liberal sympathy. The growth of the Defense Department, the burgeoning of the surveillance agencies and the increasing powers of agencies to take actions which are not subject to juridical or Constitutional challenge all have forced liberals to rethink what it is they are really for and against.

Conservatives, on the other hand, can still be counted on to oppose many of the governmental welfare programs they did in the past, but they are not any longer unified in their opposition to *all* Big Government. Big defense expenditures and big budgets for surveillance and intelligence operations are among their most vigorous demands. With the shift from the social-security state of the period before World War II to the military-security state of the cold war, positions on statism have changed their ideological supporters.

An over-simplification may help illustrate the point. So long as politics turned on differences over the Welfare State, liberals were those who were for it and generally not

afraid of its threats of statism. This basis for opposition still remains; statements of sympathies, Left and Right, still hearken back to the older struggle. However, a new confusion is introduced over the so-called Garrison State which has accompanied the cold war. Reactions to the Garrison State, with its large military and surveillance agencies, depend upon one's view of the Communist threat and the cold war in general.

Almost all of the Right concedes the necessity of waging the cold war and accordingly looks with approval (however grudgingly) on the chief cold-war agencies. Most of the old Left is in agreement. But a small, inchoate and unorganized segment of the traditional Left is in fundamental disapproval of the cold war and, accordingly, of the chief cold-war agencies. This has resulted in a changed political spectrum for America. It is linear, but not really polar. Reading from Right to Left there are:

(1) Those of the extreme Right, such as Robert Welch and George Lincoln Rockwell. For them:

- (a) The struggle against internal collectivists is paramount. It is even more important than the struggle against true Communists.
 - (b) The external threat of Communist invasion is discredited. Accordingly, large arms budgets are also disapproved.
 - (c) However, large expenditures for internal surveillance are approved of.
- (2) The right-wing Republicans and Southern Democrats, including most of the rank and file of the John Birch Society, (Goldwater, Thurmond, Tower, Stennis) believe:

- (a) The struggle against communism is paramount.
 - (b) The Welfare State is tantamount to communism and must be eliminated.
 - (c) But large military and surveillance establishments must stay and may even require expansion.
- (3) The "moderate" Republicans (Eisenhower, Rockefeller, Nixon, Romney) argue:

- (a) The struggle against external communism must be maintained, but there is

some disagreement over the threat of internal communism. Some moderate Republicans believe the threat to be insignificant.

- (b) The struggle against expansion of the Welfare State is approved.

- (c) This means most of the established Welfare State governmental machinery is tolerated. But the Garrison State machinery is viewed with favor and might even need expansion.

(4) The A.D.A. liberals (Kennedy, Humphrey, Senator Douglas and Justice Douglas) believe that:

- (a) The struggle against external communism must be maintained, even though the strong concern over internal communism which gave birth to the A.D.A. has diminished slightly.

- (b) The struggle for the Four Freedoms is approved.

- (c) This means general approval of both Welfare and Garrison State elements in contemporary government.

(5) The New Left (there is no organization and there are no recognized leaders) position:

- (a) The struggle against communism both external and internal is seriously questioned. Communist tenets are regarded as an archaic ideology.

- (b) When the cold war is approved, it is approved only under conditions short of thermonuclear war and never as an ideological struggle.

- (c) The struggle for the Four Freedoms is taken for granted with patronizing impatience. For beyond the Four Freedoms lies a vision of a post-Welfare State world of non-subsistence-oriented humanitarian Utopianism.

- (d) There is a general disapproval of Garrison State elements in contemporary government and a generalized impatience with the "conservative" or *status quo* aspects of the Welfare State. Among members of this group the agencies of the

Welfare State and the power environment in which they operate are increasingly viewed as both insufficient and also as barriers to more necessary fundamental reforms.

(6) The Communists. These are listed merely out of a concern for formal completeness. There is no point in trying to denote either their leaders or their issues.

THREE things stand out in this spectrum. The first is that a negative factor — opposition to communism — has become one of the focal points on which American political differences turn. Secondly, a conservative factor — safeguarding of the political and economic *status quo* — characterizes both Republicans and Democrats. There is no organized expression of the need for fundamental reforms and innovations anywhere in the American political scene. Finally, the political tenets which once served to distinguish Left from Right — the extension of democracy and the quest for positive welfare government — no longer serve this function. American politics has lost its progressive driving force and its conservative brakes.

The most remarkable sign of this tranquilization of American politics is the disappearance of the struggle for democracy. Since the time of Jefferson, the nature of democracy has provided the "regulative" idea for American politics. All other issues found their meaning as they related to it.

Alexis de Toqueville was the first to point out that the struggle for democracy was the galvanizing force in American politics. The traditional American Left, from the Jefferson-Jackson movement on through the Progressive-New Deal periods, has identified itself with an assumed wisdom, goodness, political activism and inborn humanitarianism of the masses. Its permanent program has been to devise organizational and governmental devices to release the suppressed potentialities of the masses. This struggle had its economic as well as its political implications, for it constantly cropped up in the form of a choice between

people versus property. On this basis, the American Right traditionally feared democracy and concentrated on the protection of property rather than the achievement of social welfare.

Both Left and Right assumed that the "masses" had a permanent, inborn leftist tendency. The thought that the masses might become conservative occurred to no one. The extension of democracy was assumed by all to be tantamount to the achievement of some brand of socialism. This body of beliefs was so central to American politics that anyone in the 1930s would have said that if these beliefs turned out to be false, American politics would be rendered rudderless. This is precisely what has happened during the post-World War II period. The old ideological engine of American politics has cracked up. There has come no new one to take its place.

CONSIDER how democracy as a partisan issue fits into the political spectrum outlined above. For each of the first five groups, democracy is a euphoric term with special qualifications, rather than an issue itself. With one slight exception on the Far Right, democracy has become a prideful achievement with a polemical neutrality similar to the neutrality with which we regard our legal system.

For the Far Right, comprising the first two groups outlined, democracy in its most radical extension is disapproved. Emphasis is placed upon the representative nature of American democracy, and upon limits and controls over popular power. They prefer to think of American government as "republican" rather than "democratic."

For the moderate Republicans, democracy means a political, economic and governmental system like that now operating in America, but with emphasis upon juridical protections for private property to safeguard it against further democratic encroachments.

For the A.D.A. liberals, democracy means a political, economic and governmental system as it now operates, with a gradual humanitarian expansion of the Welfare State trend (the public sector) of the

recent past: a broader and more democratic distribution of the creature comforts of an affluent society.

For the New Left, democracy means not what exists, but what is hoped for; it identifies the euphoric term democracy with a Utopian future, rather than with what it regards as the malfunctioning present. Accordingly, this group is at pains to eliminate from the term democracy all those elements which appear tied to the evils it sees in the present and to prepare the term for the accommodation of the novel foundations of the society it hopes for the future.

Democracy has ceased to be a political goal in its own right, and it has ceased to have meaning in American politics. In the days of Jefferson and Jackson, democracy was regarded as a still distant goal. Nor was it narrowly conceived. It did not refer merely to certain election laws; it meant also a more just economy, and certain educational and juridical goals. It meant, in short, the achievement of a democratic culture. One by one, all but the electoral meanings of democracy have since been abandoned; and although American politics has not yet, as in Gaullist France, become undemocratic, conviction spreads that the masses (not "the people") can never acquire sufficient wisdom and virtue to realize the promise of democracy. Those who argue that Johnny can't read because education was democratized also argue that the complex problems of our world have outmoded democracy.

This corrosion process, which has restricted democracy to electoral forms, has had a further deleterious effect. It has automatically made any electoral result "democratic." Accordingly, McCarthyism and militarism (including instant guerrilla wars throughout the world) become democratic through electoral endorsement. If any policy that does not incite a rebellion is democratic, democracy has lost its meaning.

AND THIS is indeed what has happened. It has been compounded by an even graver development. America has produced the politics of the moderate mobocracy.

The chief evil of democracy has

always been its alleged tendency to degenerate into mobocracy. But demagoguery and mob action are easy to detect: they involve emotionalism, impulsiveness and headlong political recklessness. There are reassuringly few such elements in American politics. We are, as Samuel Lubell soothingly assures us, a nation of moderates. But here is the strange thing about a mass, bureaucratized, democratized culture such as ours: each of its institutions (its mass media, its politics, its economics, its foreign policy, its cities) reveals policies which, considering their substance, look the same as what would have been produced by an uncontrollable demagogic mob. Yet our political setting is one of moderation and tranquility.

Millions of American citizens who are good to their families and who live lives of immaculate propriety, quietly and unemotionally assent to public actions which at any time in the past could not have acquired support short of the psychology of the lynch mob. With complete equanimity, we quietly agree to television programming, frantic industrial-style obsolescence, nuclear testing and armaments policies which betray all of the marks of mob incitement —

except that the actual mob scene is no longer necessary to achieve the results of mob action. Our mass, bureaucratized institutions, together with our ritualistic democratic forms, have produced the politics of the moderate mob. And this is the main reason that the Left is reconsidering its traditional faith in the democratic ideology.

THE trouble, however, is not with the *substance* of the democratic ideology, but rather with its restriction to meaningless electoral forms. For in one sense, any democratic government must try to manipulate its people, which means that it constitutes a potential threat to democracy. A government may be formed through meticulous adherence to democratic procedures and yet devote itself to extensive secret policing, restriction of civil rights, nuclear irresponsibility and callously inhuman foreign policies. Our failure is that we have not produced a democratic culture to match and control our electoral machinery.

This is not at all a problem unique to Americans. It is the same problem that concerns Britain's angry young men, as well as the courageous young proponents of democratization inside

Communist countries. It is the same problem that characterizes the implicit ideology of the French existentialists and of the young American rebels. All demand real — substantive — democracy.

Today's young Americans, while proclaiming themselves to be non-political and nonideological, will stage demonstrations against capital punishment, organize campaigns against HUAC when it tries to police freedom of thought, engage in Freedom Rides to the South and peace marches anywhere in the world. Here is a spirit of democracy that is actually alive.

It is not the democratic ideology that is at fault, but rather its degradation, its conversion into complaisant, moderate mobocracy. The political problem of the Left is to rescue the democratic ideology from this official, pharisaical desecration. And this requires nothing less than a vision of the truly democratic culture of the future. When it appears, my guess is that its authority will be recognized immediately by the young all over the world, for it will speak equally to the problems of Washington and Moscow, London and Calcutta, Tokyo and Leopoldville.

WINDFALL IN SPACE . . . by John J. Lindsay

Washington
NOT SINCE the Indians were gulled in the purchase of Manhattan Island have so many been taken by so few. That was the way one member of Congress described the 354 to 9 vote by which the House of Representatives decided to turn over to the A.T.&T. the destiny of the nation's telecommunications-satellite system. Said the Congressman: "If ever a development needed to be kept in the hands of the government, this is it." Yet he voted with the majority.

How did this overwhelming ap-

proval of the bill come about? How could 354 members of the House be led to believe that by granting a monopoly to a "public corporation"

For a detailed analysis of the space-communications proposals leading up to the current legislation, see "The Space Giveaway," a two-part article by Dallas W. Smythe which appeared in The Nation of Oct. 14 and 21, 1961.—Ed.

dominated by the giant A.T.&T., they were voting in favor of "free enterprise"? How, especially, could they do this to a system of communications into which taxpayers have already poured a half-billion dollars in research and development?

Several factors led to the failure of

House liberals and moderates to make any kind of fight over what was to many of them the most important tangential development in the race for space. The first factor, they all agree, was the pathetic way in which the Kennedy Administration fell for its own propaganda about the great "partnership" of business and government. "The towel was thrown in downtown (the White House) before the issue ever got into the open," said one Congressman. He pointed out that the FCC and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) came to an "understanding," last year, that in keeping with the American tradition, the Administration would proceed on the assump-

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tion that private enterprise should lead the nation into the space-communications era. The conclusion drawn by House members otherwise eager for a fight on the issue was that the Administration approved the agreement which, in effect, said that the way to effective free enterprise was through capitalistic monopoly. The conclusion seemed substantiated when, subsequently, the President demanded only that certain "safeguards" be written into the bill. Then even certain of these safeguards were rejected by the legislators.

For instance, the President requested that the State Department be given a leading role in the delicate international negotiations involved in creating an international communications system. But as the bill finally passed the House, in effect it merely instructed the public corporation which would supervise the system to get in touch with the State Department when it saw fit to do so. And there was no squawk from the White House.

With this lack of leadership from "downtown," it became clear even before the hearings began that those who wanted to battle this one out à la TVA and the great antitrust issues of a generation or more ago, were strictly on their own. "Public ownership," said another member of the House who had voted with the majority, "has lost its magic with the voters. I was willing to put my Congressional seat on the line, but not by myself. I wanted company."

And that is where the lobbyists came in.

THIS IS the way one Congressman described the lobbying by A.T.&T. and other communications carriers:

"They are damned clever. They go out of their way to be helpful. They help out in your district. They may even work for you. They stay out of your hair during the minor skirmishes. They may even get into some of the minor fights on your side. Then, when the big one comes along, what a change!

"Take the telecommunications issue. In this they are directly involved, either through the big company or the subsidiary outfits. They then give us the line: 'Why stick

your neck out? The Administration is pushing the partnership between Big Government and Big Business. They aren't going to support you. You're going to be left out there by yourself and when election time comes around your vote for government ownership is going to be interpreted as a vote for socialism. We'll see to that. And for what? You can't win anyway without the Administration.'"

What member of Congress, my informants said, isn't going to stop and think about that one? Of course, a vote for government control of something that the government's own energy and taxpayers' money has brought within shooting distance isn't "socialistic"; it is common sense. But that isn't the way it would be made to appear to the folks back home.

And so many of the opponents of the bill decided not to oppose it, after all, and limited themselves to the seeking of amendments which would establish some degree of government control over the private firms that would dominate the experimental system. Not a single House leader and none of the all-important committee chairmen were included among the nine liberals who voted against the bill. The leaders did, however, seek amendments — most of which failed of passage.

For instance, Rep. John Moss (D., Calif.), correctly assumed that the ground stations, needed to handle communications via the orbiting satellites, were the key to the effectiveness of the system — and to its profitability. He proposed an amend-

ment which would have prevented the FCC from "encouraging" the private communications firms — or "carriers" — to develop these stations. He thought it only just that the public corporation — which, however much controlled by the A.T.&T., would nevertheless include some public members — should be given an opportunity to create the stations on equal footing with the carriers. The amendment got thirty-three votes.

THE Administration's failure to exert leadership was described by several members of the House as an unwillingness to go to the mat on the issue of government ownership vs. private enterprise. The reasoning "downtown," so it is believed, was that the actual creation of the system was the important thing; everything else was a side issue. And a prolonged battle would hurt the chances of the United States' getting the jump on the Russians in the field.

"Hogwash," said a Congressional staff member close to the problem. He pointed out that the House Committee on Science and Astronautics published a report last October in which it suggested:

Although profitable operation is a legitimate goal of the free-enterprise system, the appearance of American exploitation simply for profits must be avoided and private gain must not be permitted to dictate the design, type, or capacity of the system which ultimately develops.

The report also pointed out that while the participation of private initiative was to be encouraged, "... the government must retain maximum flexibility regarding the central question of ownership and operation of the system." Questions of ownership and operation of a commercial system, such as business and financial arrangements, "should not be permitted to delay the research and development phase," one report added.

Almost without exception, these wise admonitions went unheeded when A.T.&T. and other lobbyists turned on the pressure. Most experts concede that despite the "scare technique" of warnings about Russian advances in the field, there was no



need, at this stage, to make a final determination of ownership. The fact is that, in research and development on telecommunications, the government is — and has been — leading the pack.

Of the twenty-seven members of the committee which wrote last October's report, only one, Rep. William Fitts Ryan (D., N.Y.), was prepared to back it up with words and action on the House floor. He and a few colleagues raised the serious question, first explored theoretically by the space committee, of whether "private gain" would be permitted to dictate the "design, type, or capacity" of the ultimate system.

The House bill places that power in the hands of the leading carrier, A.T.&T., which favors the so-called "low-orbit" system involving many satellites orbiting the earth some 3,000 to 6,000 miles up. This system is the most cumbersome and expensive, since it requires a large number of ground stations. (Ground stations, as indicated above, carry the greatest potential for profit.)

YET LEADERS in the industry, as Ryan and others pointed out, are convinced that the low-orbit system will be obsolete by the time it is operable. It will be far less efficient, they argue, than the high-orbit system, requiring far fewer satellites and ground stations. A.T. & T., critics like Rep. Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.) insist, has shown reluctance in the past to scrap old equipment because of its obligations to stockholders, who are the short-term losers when a costly system must be scrapped before it has returned some of its investment. Such a situation would leave the upper-space system in the background, ready for exploitation by the Russians.

Said one staff member of a Congressional committee: "Suppose A. T. & T. shows its historical reluctance to give up on the low-orbit system and the Russians move in and take over the space 23,000 miles from earth. Who would get the advantage from that horrible development?"

So the argument ran — and continues to run, because the fight still

has to be carried on in the Senate.

The fight in the Senate will be in the hands of seasoned veterans in the anti-monopoly field like Sen. Estes Kefauver (D., Tenn.). He will get more support than did his counterparts in the House, but it won't be with the help of the news media, which all but ignored the arguments *against* the usurpation of space communications by private enterprise.

As one member of the House who voted with the nine dissidents said: "The newspapers either were too damned lazy to dig in and find out what was going on, or they listened attentively to the communications people. The wishy-washy stand of the Administration had something to do with it. When you get Midwestern Republicans agreeing in principle with liberals, the newspapers aren't likely to smell much of a fight."

Others were less charitable on the subject. One called what happened a "complete sell-out to the communications people." Another said that too many newspapers just naturally go along with the Administration these days. No doubt the complexity of the problem helped keep it out of the public domain. Newspapers today tend to shy with horror from detailed reporting of something that lacks "sex" — a term meaning readability.

One Congressman pointed out that even the legislators had only the vaguest idea of the long-range implications of telecommunications in space. And, he added, significantly, "Today's Congressman probably couldn't take the time to find out if he wanted to. On a complicated issue like this, many members of Congress are forced to rely upon the 'brain people' downtown." In this instance, the "brain people" downtown did nothing, or next to nothing, to help.

Another source of hard-nosed liberal support — the kind needed to pit against the business-monopoly lobbyists — was lost almost from the outset when the American Communications Association (AFL-CIO) gave its solid endorsement to A. T. & T. and the other interested carriers. Some members of the House charge that the union expects pay-

ment when it makes its next pitch for a contract. Whether this is so or not, the fact remains that the attitude of the A.C.A. effectively killed off public statements from heads of other large unions known to favor public ownership, or at least public control, of the satellite system.

So all the elements for a debacle were present: Administration indifference or outright hostility; a swarm of some of the most talented and intelligent — not to mention powerful — lobbyists in the nation; public indifference, and lack of support from the major union in the communications field.

IN THE Senate, Kefauver is keeping his own counsel about the line along which he and his companions plan to fight. But this much is known: he and others, while realizing that it will be all but impossible to overturn the House action, also realize that time is on their side.

The Senate, unlike the House, has no real limit on debate. Its version of the communications bill will not be kissed off in the four hours the House devoted to it. It is already late in this Congress, and much work — perhaps the most important work of the Congress, including the trade, tax and medical-care bills — remains to be done. Faced with a lengthy debate on the space-satellite program, the Senate leadership will be put on the spot. And when leadership is in the middle, the possibility of compromise increases. That is what Kefauver and others may be counting on now.

At worst, they can hope to expose the essential nonsense about "free enterprise" being served by a non-competitive monopoly; and they may succeed in putting over amendments which would place control of the public corporation set up to guide the destiny of communications in space back in the hands of those who researched it and created its potential — the United States Government and its taxpayers.

Senate opponents of the House bill are also disgusted with what amounts to a giveaway of the "know how" painfully acquired through the expenditure of nearly \$500 million of taxpayers' money. The only return

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provided in the House bill is a clause requiring the government to be reimbursed by the public corporation for odds and ends of services it may give the corporation — or A. T. & T. All the while, of course, the communications company will be able to write off for tax purposes a good share of its own expense for research and development. The taxpayer will

also pick up a large chunk of the tab for that research, too. And the users of A. T. & T. services, under the House bill, will be picking up the tab on additional company expenses which will be incorporated into the utility's rate base.

A stalemate on the issue will toss the ball back to the House sponsors. In this all-important field, the gov-

ernment, which has pioneered the way, can get along quite well without the monopolists. The monopolists can't even get a satellite up without a government booster. It may be a nasty choice for the House sponsors to make, but at least it is an honest one and that is what Kefauver's band is aiming for. It could be an interesting summer.

THE TERRIBLE MEEK . . . by W. S. Merwin

When a person puts his trust in force, he knows who his enemy is.—Camus

They who have shown that they can behave particularly well may perchance be put under bonds for *their good behavior*.—Thoreau

A CRIME has been committed: the peace has been endangered in Washington, D.C., and five people so far (May 25, 1962) have gone to jail for it, but I am so circumstanced as to be unable to regard them as culprits. For one thing, I am guilty of the charge myself—or at least part of it, as it is phrased and as it was argued. And, if I may suggest it without suspicion of personal disrespect, so is the judge—so are the judges—who tried the prisoners, and so are the policemen who made the arrests and the police chief who ordered them.

The phrase I am referring to (and it was the one upon which the cases turned) protects society from under Title 22, Section 1121 of the District of Columbia Code, and it reads (*italics mine*): "Whoever, with intent to provoke a breach of the peace, or under circumstances such that a breach of the peace may be occasioned thereby. . . ." Along with many other people's, I imagine my sense of the hilarious may have suffered changes since the bombing of Hiroshima, and at no time has my reverence for the institutions of man been dependable; anyway, when I got to that point I am afraid I laughed. Our nation's capital, as

though anyone needed reminding, is a place where the proponents of the first-strike theory of defense everywhere display their brass and the absolute assumptions of an elite; where a report on military appropriations containing a statement of the same first-strike argument was approved by the House in 1960 with only three dissenting votes; where the technicians, partisans and potential wielders of nuclear, chemical, bacteriological and radiological warfare come and go not only openly but with advertisement and what I suppose would be called pride; where the President of the United States (however reluctantly) recently ordered a resumption of American nuclear testing in the atmosphere. It is one of the two capitals of the arms race, and its citizens on the whole do not appear to be overwhelmingly ashamed of the fact. But on May 16, agents of its administration recognized a real threat to the peace in four unarmed, elderly, respectably dressed persons (two men, two women) wearing black arm bands such as denote mourning, and standing seven or eight feet apart, in silence, on the inside of a broad and otherwise virtually empty sidewalk, with their backs to the White House.

IT WILL be pointed out that I am using the word "peace" very loosely, much too loosely: that I am using it as though it had no context, and I will be constrained to agree. No doubt I should try to curb this verbal exuberance and stick to facts.

It was the arm bands which made the four people whom I have described constitute a menace. The

black strips were not the ordinary symbols of ordinary grief, but bore a legend in white, hand-printed letters which ran, "Bomb Tests Kill People," and the wearers were standing there as a religious act of public grief and penance for their own share in the responsibility for the resumption of tests and the continuation of the arms race, and in the hope that their act might lead others toward "a change of heart." They had been there daily since the second of May: two weeks.

It was long enough to convince the police that they would be less dangerous if they were kept moving. Or something like that. Apparently it took that long for the news to filter up to Captain Pyle of the Third Precinct that these people's arm bands had lettering on them; when he heard that, of course he acted at once. It says in the book that an arm band with printing on it turns the wearer into a demonstrator, and it is the custom of the police to tell demonstrators that they'll have to keep moving, and these people were standing still.

True, from time to time during those two weeks a patrolman had approached them and told them that they'd have to keep moving, and they in their ignorance had replied that they were not demonstrating, and had also pointed out that they had been standing there since May 2, and that Precinct Headquarters knew all about it. It appears that they were ignorant, also, of Captain Pyle's ignorance of the lettering on their arm bands; they thought they had made their intentions plain.

I am assured by the defense at-

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torneys that there is nothing in the law or in the police regulations which says that demonstrators have to keep moving; it is simply an often expressed desire of the police and they arrest you if you disobey it. Anyway, on May 16 a police corporal was told to get these people to bestir themselves from where they were and to keep moving between two trees which he pointed out (which were equally in front of the White House) and they repeated their former reply and stayed where they were.

The corporal then called headquarters and the captain came down and tried to make them see reason, but they patiently declined. Appropriate as it might be for demonstrators to pace back and forth in their invisible zoo, and obediently as they themselves might have done so if they had been demonstrating, such action was inexpressive of the profound grief and contrition which they felt and to which they wanted their silence and their stance to bear witness. They put this to the captain in their gentle way until their determination was no longer in doubt. Then because they persisted in remaining quietly in one place and occupying a single lane of the pavement instead of circulating in a moving picket line and obstructing several lanes, they were arrested on a charge which referred to their "incommoding the use of the sidewalk."

The trial was postponed until the 17th to allow the defendants to get a lawyer, and by the time it was called in court it had been revealed to the police that the charge on which they had booked the prisoners left something to be desired, and they had changed it to another section—the one from which I have quoted the phrase about imperiling the peace—under the same heading of "Disorderly Conduct—Generally."

THE FOUR people who appeared before Judge Milton S. Kronheim on this charge were as follows: Florence Carpenter, aged 69; Pearl Ewald, aged 68; Wilmer Young, aged 74; Lawrence Scott, aged 53. They are all Quakers and for some years had been of the opinion that they were actively on the side of peace.

Wilmer Young is a Quaker from Iowa who had taught for twenty-two years and then, with his wife and children, had gone to the South for nineteen more, to work among white and Negro sharecroppers. In July, 1959, after another five years of teaching, during which he had concerned himself and his students with nonviolence as a means of approaching human problems, he had gone to jail for the first time. That was for illegally entering a missile base outside Omaha, Nebraska, to protest the arms race. He refused the terms of probation and was again arrested. Why, the probation officer had asked, didn't he try spreading his views by educational methods, mass media, radio? Mr. Young had answered that that was just what he'd been doing for twenty-five years, and the mass media and the radio weren't interested, and the probation officer hadn't even heard of it. On the other hand, this brief protest. . . . Mr. Young served four days.

LAWRENCE SCOTT, the other man who was arrested on May 16, had also offended before. He had been arrested for the first time on Hiroshima Day, 1957, for an act of civil disobedience at a military proving ground outside Las Vegas, Nevada. But the project which he had instigated and run, and with which he had become identified, had been the Vigil at Fort Detrick, outside the town of Frederick, Maryland.

Fort Detrick is an adjunct of the U.S. Army Chemical Corps, and although the American people are shielded from such knowledge of what goes on there as might disquiet their sensibilities, it is known to be one of the main U.S. centers for research into biological warfare (BW) and for the stockpiling of strategically useful diseases—weapons such as *toxin botulinus*, "one ounce of which," we are assured by a Federal CDA Publication now a few years old and no doubt riddled with quaint understatements, "would be enough to kill about 840 billion mice." The work of these pioneers, however, is not heedlessly destructive. In 1958, Maj. Gen. Creasy told a Senate Committee of one advantage of his chosen type of war which must have

occurred to other thinking persons: ". . . the user . . . knows that his attack will not destroy the buildings and machines which may be so important in his postwar economic planning."

Frederick's own buildings are, in the main, charming and elegant; the town capitalizes on its association with Barbara Frietchie, Francis Scott Key and the author of the Dred Scott decision. Fort Detrick is now one of its chief sources of employment and income, and it seems possible that much of the town regards the nearby base as an additional distinction.

In 1959, Lawrence Scott had formed the idea of holding a vigil outside the main gate to the base. The concept of the "Vigil," as the word is used by Mr. Scott and his accessories, derives from Quaker tradition and from Gandhi. Vigilers stand a few feet apart from one another, in silence. At Fort Detrick they had a sign which read, "An Appeal To Stop Preparations For Germ Warfare." The police are always informed. Participants believe that they should manifest "a spirit of love and nonviolence" toward all who approach them, and should try to spend the rest of the time in meditation or prayer.

The Vigil began in July, 1959 (the same month in which Mr. Young, in Nebraska, surprised himself with his decision to commit civil disobedience). It was to have lasted for only a few days, but gradually the project assumed a semi-permanent character, and before it was over it had blessed Frederick with its presence for nearly two years. Which gave the vigilers a chance to glimpse a large truck full of small, caged, crying monkeys entering the camp on Bastille Day, 1959, and to ponder the death which had already emerged from there—one instance of it in the person of a Frederick electrician who had gone in to change some light bulbs and had come out with visceral anthrax. And to hear a six-year-old ask, "Why are those soldiers protecting the bomb?" (To this child any weapon of mass slaughter was "the bomb.") It gave the Vigil a chance to raise the question of whether the doctors who worked on the development of disease instead of its cure were not

violating the Hippocratic Oath. It gave General Oakes, on the base, a chance to claim that he was preserving Lawrence Scott's freedom, and Mr. Scott a chance to reply that he was preserving his own freedom by exercising it.

At Fort Detrick, Mr. Scott had been joined by Florence Carpenter and Pearl Ewald, who had accompanied him to Washington, in the late spring of 1961, to help set up the Peace Action Center there. With the resumption of bomb tests in April, 1962, they had felt that their efforts had failed. They and Wilmer Young had indicated their sense of this in a statement which they had sent to any whom they thought might take note of it. Then they had put on their black mourning bands and started to stand still in front of the White House.

MR. SCOTT'S own sense of shame and failure moved him to go further. On May 2 he began a fast, taking only water. He came up for trial the first time on his sixteenth day without food.

They took their turn among the other disorderly cases and Judge Kronheim in due course reminded Mr. Scott that he had turned up guilty before and asked him whether, if the sentence were merciful, Mr. Scott would promise to keep the peace, in the legal sense. Mr. Scott began, "If I were called by the spirit—" "Thirty days," the judge said. The others (who would not promise either) got fined \$25 each, with sentences suspended.

The next morning they were out there again in front of the White House (all except Mr. Scott, who was in jail) and Mr. Young had taken his wife with him to make matters worse. They were arrested and called before the same judge that afternoon. There were those among the spectators who felt that Judge Kronheim had been a shade brusque in his manner on the preceding day, but by the afternoon of the 18th, they said, he seemed to be "more thoughtful." When he had heard the defense, he sentenced the prisoners (except Mrs. Young, whom he decided was not guilty) to fifteen days each. But it hurt him to do it, it is said.

The defense was preparing an appeal from both judgments. On Saturday the 19th, the sentence, as it applied to all of the offenders who were inside, was revoked, and they were set loose. The judge explained this reversal by saying that he didn't like to keep old people in jail in such hot weather. His dismissal also killed the appeal.

On Sunday, the original four prepared a letter to Judge Kronheim stating their principles and their intention of repeating their offense, and delivered it to his house, and



on Monday they returned to the White House sidewalk. They were picked up by a police corporal after he had told them three times to move. The trial was postponed until Wednesday, the twenty-second day of Mr. Scott's fast.

It was also the fourth day since Judge Kronheim had appeared thoughtful over these offenders the last time. On Monday, the day of their most recent arraignment, he had produced their Sunday letter in court with the remark that, though it was largely innocuous, it might induce the attorneys of either side to disqualify him. On Wednesday he disqualified himself. He was replaced by Judge Mildred E. Reeves.

THE DEFENSE (Messrs. Hal Witt and Richard Scupi, who have taken the case with the limited backing of the American Civil Liberties Union) contended, as it had done twice before, that there was no evi-

dence for the charge. Exactly what were the "circumstances such that a breach of the peace may be occasioned thereby"? Are the police empowered to discover these circumstances at will, with whatever use of their imaginations may be necessary? And if so, how does that affect the constitutionality of the statute under the First Amendment?

The prosecution (in Washington, D.C., the District Attorney is called the Corporation Counsel and his name is Thomas C. Bell) submitted that this was a special case. In fact, that was the chief thing he did submit. It was so special, he said, that he wanted the judge to allow him to present all these people's previous charges as being relevant to this one, before she gave her verdict. The judge having been told in this way that there were previous charges, Her Honor declined to hear more about them, and Mr. Bell went on with his special argument. These people, it ran, might not have been dangerous standing in front of somewhere else, but they might have been dangerous standing still in front of the White House, and so they should have walked back and forth between those trees in front of the White House, which would have been less of a threat to the lives of the Chief Executive and his family, whom it is the difficult duty of the police to protect. The refusal to move on, he said: *there* was the circumstance likely to breach the peace. No rights, he kept stressing without visible regret, are absolute, and a citizen's rights automatically dwindle as he approaches the person of his President. The police have to be able to fill out the law with their judgment in special cases like this one, because there have to be rules.

It was along about here that Judge Reeves leaned forward and in a voice such as one would use for a frightened puppy began to address these four people whose unabashed gentleness was awesome. Her speech to them did not differ remarkably from the prosecution's argument—indeed, it was here that the court and the prosecution began the echoing of each other's phrases ("The White House is a special place," "There have to be rules") which made parts of the trial re-

semble an early rehearsal of a musical comedy. She said that the right to freedom of speech was not involved here because these people had not been speaking, they had been wearing arm bands. She said she didn't think God wanted them to break the law. And she said, in a voice whose softness might have been saved for the occasion, that she was going to have to find them guilty. Whereupon a throat was cleared and one of the lawyers for the prisoners asked whether he was not going to be allowed to present a defense.

It cannot have been a happy task which Her Honor then permitted him to enter upon, since he had already heard what she was disposed to make of the case. He called the people involved and established that

there was no evidence of any imminent breach of the peace or intention of same at the time of the arrest, and then he desisted and the judge repeated her verdict. Now the prosecution was able to recount the previous charges and to infer that the offenders, if released without promises to the contrary, would repeat the offense. And the offenders, when asked to promise, declined.

THIS after all the judge's kind handling and her evidently genuine reluctance to send them to jail — she gave them twenty days each and refused bond. Still, it was all done with velvet. That, in fact, was one of the interesting things about the whole proceeding: the way in which the offenders evoked a certain behavior from those who dealt with

them — the prosecution urging firmness in a soft voice; Her Honor at pains to honey the words of her decision. Though neither of these impressed the prisoners and their associates as did the behavior of the police corporal who had arrested them, who might have been watching his parents being led off into the cell block, and who at once took to checking on their well-being and letting their families and friends know.

On the following days, the request for an appeal bond was granted over the judge's refusal and it is likely that one of the prisoners, at least, will come out before the end of the sentence, so that the appeal can be heard. Meanwhile, in Washington, D.C., at least, grief is impolitic if it is human and has lettering on it and will not move on.

INDIA'S UNREPORTED WAR . . *by George N. Patterson*

London
NOW THAT the initial enthusiasm following on India's "liberation" of Goa is on the wane, it is reported that New Delhi is considering fanning the embers again by "finally settling the Naga revolt." The Nagas, on the other hand, have sworn that rather than be India's sixteenth state sometime this year, they will turn to their "Mongolian brothers" in China for help in expelling India's officially admitted 40,000 troops from Naga territory.

If Goa was "a pimple on the face of India" — Mr. Nehru's words — then Nagaland is a bad tooth. For the Nagas continue to insist, after nearly eight years of bloody war, that they are not part of the "face of India"; yet India, with persistent probing and increasing pain, will not leave them alone.

There is no simple explanation of the "Naga problem" in its genesis, growth or near-catastrophic implications. For under increasing Indian pressure and Western unconcern, the

Nagas are threatening to turn to China for political and military support. If they are forced into this, it will be a greater tragedy for India and the West than the loss of Tibet, for it will bring China right onto the plains of India at her most strategic — and weakest — point.

The Nagas are only one group of several tribes scattered along India's Northeast Frontier, between Bhutan, Tibet and Burma. The Nagas themselves have no common boundary with "the Tibet region of China," but they have with Burma; and in the tangle of jungles, 10,000-foot Himalayan mountains and associated tribes — associated by Mongolian extraction and common hatred of India — it would not be difficult for them to establish contact with the Chinese, less than one hundred miles to the north, once the desire to do so was expressed on both sides.

THERE are approximately one million Nagas, scattered through sixteen different tribes, and some of these are "free Nagas" and some are "subject Nagas." This is only the beginning of the confusion which

surrounds the "Naga problem." For the "subject Nagas" are those who came under Britain's jurisdiction after military annexation of this limited part of Naga territory in 1879, while the "free Nagas" are those who continued to roam the adjoining territory outside of anyone's jurisdiction.

But between 1929, when the Simon Commission visited India to investigate Indian Constitutional reform, and 1947, when India gained its independence, the representatives of both the "free Nagas" and "subject Nagas" demanded that they be left out of any arrangement with India. They were not Indians, they pointed out, and they warned that they would not recognize any "agreement" made without their consent.

More confusion followed. A tentative "ten-year-agreement" was proposed, but its provisions were not sufficiently clear for the majority of the Nagas on the definition of "Naga independence outside the Indian Union." The Nagas rejected the agreement, proclaiming their own independence on August 14, 1947, one day before India.

Because it was not a major prob-

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lem to India at that time — the area was remote, the people obscure — India made leisurely offers; the Nagas rejected them. India built hospitals, schools and roads; the Nagas would not use them. India sent administrators and armed police; the Nagas would not obey them. In short, for several years the Nagas — former savage head-hunters, but for a century under American Baptist influence — practiced India's own passive resistance against India at, ironically, Gandhi's request.

In 1955, the Nagas' patience ended and fighting began. There had been several incidents, accusations of rape, brutalities and murder against the Indians by the Nagas, appeals to the United Nations which went unattended; all this, plus a final episode when the Indians publicly dishonored two highly respected Naga chiefs by exposing their dead bodies in a public square, sparked the Nagas into revolt. From that time — the siege of Kohima in 1956, when the Indians were almost defeated by the Nagas — there has been an increasing and bitter war.

India, shaken by the near defeat of the Assam Rifles, sent in regular units of the Army — Ghurkas and Sikhs (although later there was a near-mutiny among the Ghurkas, who objected to shooting "their own brothers") and as the fighting has increased in severity and scope, these units have been reinforced until there are now 40,000 regular Indian Army troops, according to Indian official sources. The Nagas claim, however, that this is a gross underestimate and that the total Indian personnel — troops, armed police and administration under military supervision — is nearer 200,000.

FROM 1956 the Indian Government has refused permission to all journalists — Western and Indian — to visit the area (an Indian-escorted press party was allowed to go to Kohima on the outskirts of Nagaland in January, 1961, but it was strictly supervised in regard to movements and contacts; but even so, "free Nagas" clandestinely distributed literature to the journalists, claiming that all overt signs of military occupation in Kohima and sub-

urbs had been cleared before they had arrived). Thus the only sources of information are the rare official statements from New Delhi, based upon the biased reports of feuding military and political administrators in Naga territory, and the remarkably plentiful statements of the "Federal Government of Free Nagaland"—the name by which the rebel government is known.

INDIA has sought to win support for its policies among Nagas by creating and favoring a "Naga People's Convention" with which India "negotiated an agreement" to form a sixteenth state of the Indian Union to be known as "Nagaland." A bill to legalize this is on the current agenda of the Indian Parliament. But the "Naga People's Convention" is an empty façade. It has little or no support among the Nagas. All its activities to date have been carried out under the protection of the Indian Army; the members have no means by which any "agreements" can be translated into effect other than by the military imposition of the Indian Army. Beyond this, as recently as January, 1962, the "People's Convention" was on the point of dissolution because more than half its members wanted to have talks with the "rebels" to decide on the future of the Nagas — a move that India moved swiftly to counteract.

In 1959, the leader of the Naga National Council, the Naga-elected body outlawed by the Indian Government as "extremist," disappeared — according to Indian reports — and in 1960 turned up in England. He is a Mr. A. Z. Phizo, and he stated that he had come to appeal to Britain as a former friendly conqueror and ally (the Nagas had made a magnificent contribution to winning the war in Burma) for help in putting a stop to the killings and atrocities and to get India to withdraw from Naga territory. Phizo charged that since the fighting began in 1955, almost 100,000 Nagas had been killed, and he had documentation to lay before the International Commission of Jurists of over 70,000 deaths, 100,000 in concentration camps, 500 villages and 150 churches destroyed.

Because he felt he was not getting enough help fast enough alone, he sent for some Nagas to come West to join him before he went on to the United Nations. On May 1, a company of 150 Nagas dramatically shot their way through the Indian Army into Pakistan to escort members of this delegation to safety. Mr. Phizo hopes that they will join him soon, when they will go to the U.N. to make their case against India known. He is understandably annoyed at the widespread impression that the Nagas are a naked, savage, head-hunting, colorful tribe of dancers, which New Delhi perpetuates. He points out that they are almost 80 per cent Christians, of an evangelical character; they have over 160 university graduates; thirteen Nagas are doing postgraduate work in the United States at present, including a research scientist, and a Naga has even captained India's Olympic football team!

IT IS difficult to see what new political solution India can provide in these circumstances, for she has stubbornly refused to deal, or even meet, with the "extremists"; and it is to be feared that what the new, militant Delhi has in mind is an all-out military operation along the same lines as Goa in order to release the heavy concentration of Indian troops in Nagaland for action elsewhere on the border.

A recent letter sent to Mr. Phizo by one of the Indian airmen shot down in action against the Nagas, and appealing for release, seems to bear this out, for he says: "... We are in daily danger of death from heavy operations by the Indian Army and Air Force ... bombing and firing by jet aircraft and ... many people have been killed and injured. ..."

But instead of releasing Indian troops to fight Chinese in other parts of the Himalayan border, India's Naga policy is only more likely to bring the Chinese in — at the invitation of this border people. And in Nagaland the terrain is different from Goa's, the opposition is different and the Nagas' possible protectors are different — for China is not decadent or distant, and she is certainly not uninterested.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Djilas Affair

CONVERSATIONS WITH STALIN.
By Milovan Djilas. Harcourt, Brace
and World. 214 pp. \$3.95.

Alexander Werth

IN *The New Class*, published in 1957, Milovan Djilas wrote:

In the Communist system, legislative authority cannot be separated from executive authority. . . . In a one-party system this is one of the sources of despotism and omnipotence in government. . . . Those who arrest also judge and enforce punishments. . . . The Yugoslav legislative authorities hold that no one can be convicted except for an act that has been exactly formulated by the law. However, most of the political trials are held on the ground of so-called "hostile propaganda," although this concept is purposely not defined but, instead, left to the judges or secret police.

That, in a nutshell, is what has happened to Djilas who, since May 15, is again back in Mitrovica jail, serving this time a cumulative sentence of nearly nine years. Since in Tito's Yugoslavia practically all political prisoners have been amnestied in recent years, the treatment meted out to Djilas is particularly savage. It clearly reflects the sharp resentment which the Yugoslav party leadership, Marshal Tito included, has come to feel against him over the years. The Montenegrin revolutionary, the partisan leader, the all-out Communist who had been Tito's right-hand man throughout the war, had not only become, by 1954, a "Western" social-democrat (his new book is, significantly, dedicated "to the memory of Aneurin Bevan"), but was also charged, in that year, with conducting active "hostile propaganda" against Socialist Yugoslavia abroad. First he was expelled from the Central Committee of the Communist Party; then, in 1955, given a nominal prison sentence. A year later, when he severely criticized Yugoslav policy in the matter of the Hungarian uprising, Djilas was sent to jail for three years. A few months later *The*

New Class — the manuscript of which he had smuggled out to the West — was published by Praeger in New York, and promptly became a bestseller throughout the capitalist world. Though chiefly an attack on Soviet communism, it also contained some ferocious passages on Yugoslavia (like the one quoted above), and even on Tito in person:

The Communist leaders must tend to personal extravagance — something they cannot resist because of human frailty and because of the inherent need of those in power to be recognizable prototypes of brilliance and might. . . .

clearly, a description much more applicable to Tito than to Stalin, Molotov or Khrushchev. (Not that Djilas, in the days of his glory, was himself quite free of this failing.)

The publication of *The New Class* led to more trouble; in October, 1957, he was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, plus the two remaining years of his previous sentence. However, in January, 1961, he was let out on the understanding that he would not engage in political activities. The publication of *Conversations with Stalin* was regarded as a gross breach of faith. Djilas' plea that these were merely "memoirs," containing no confidential information of present-day importance, was rejected. He was tried

in camera, but the verdict of the court was published: Djilas was found guilty of revealing state secrets in his book, and of having presented his story in a manner that could "only stimulate the cold war and undermine the Socialist order in Yugoslavia and our country's relations with its neighbors and with the non-committed countries." In addition to the cumulative nine-year sentence, Djilas was not to be allowed, for five years thereafter, to write in the press or appear on radio or television. The royalties on the book would be confiscated by the state.

This is certainly severe treatment, especially in a country that prides itself on its "anti-Stalinism"; but then Djilas has now been "an enemy of the Socialist state" for a long time, and his new book is looked upon as evidence of continuing defiance.

However, the book itself is a feeble excuse for pursuing the old vendetta against Djilas. Tito may have reason to be infuriated by *The New Class*, but it is hard to see what in these *Conversations with Stalin* could have annoyed him so much. It is not even particularly harsh toward Khrushchev, who, if anything, is contrasted favorably with the rest of the "Stalin gang." But there is today a distinct *rapprochement* between Moscow and Belgrade, and the story that Djilas tells of how, in 1948, Stalin and Molotov advised the Yugoslavs to "swallow" Albania (in much the same way that Russia had "swal-

Almost Like Old Times

They were walking down the avenue, almost hand in hand;

But in our country nothing comes easily, so it was almost love.

Some of us said they shouldn't really fall in love, she'd have him

A clerk, you'll see, in no time. Others said he'd have her

Scrubbing the dishes night and day, cleaning the floors,

Such things as that. No, it would never do.

And, well, you know, they almost did, though.

One rainy afternoon, like Paolo and Francesca,

They strayed too long from their true commitments,

He a writer, she a critic, yes, they strayed

An hour or so; it was almost fatal, I tell you.

But see them stroll the avenue, the sun about,

The trees tall, a bird or two. Almost like old times. Almost.

Tracy Thompson

ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's European correspondent, is the author most recently of *Russia Under Khrushchev* (Hill and Wang).

lowed" the Baltic states) may be embarrassing in the present international context. Khrushchev and Tito may both have some new ideas about "Stalinist" Albania. After the Tito-Stalin breach of 1948, "Stalinist" Albania became a major nuisance to Yugoslavia; today she is a nuisance to both Belgrade and Moscow; what, one wonders, would Moscow say today to a revival of the old Yugoslav plan for a "voluntary" inclusion of Albania in the Yugoslav Federation?

APART from the extraordinary background of its publication, what is the intrinsic value of Djilas' new book? Here I can only disagree with those critics who have described it as a historical document of major importance, as an invaluable source book to all future historians, as an unequaled first-hand biographical analysis of Stalin's "inner circle," etc.

It is hard to separate the facts from the fiction; but at least some of it reads to me like pure fiction. The following episode is an example. While the Red Army was helping, in 1944, to drive the Germans out of Yugoslavia, a number of "unpleasant things" happened: the Russians, Djilas claims, had been guilty of 1204 cases of looting and robbery, and of "121 cases of rape, of which 111 involved rape with murder." Djilas had complained about this to the head of the Soviet Military Mission, and had compared these "excesses" with the correct behavior of the officers of the British Military Mission.

When, a few months later, a Yugoslav mission, including Djilas' wife, went to Moscow and was received by Stalin, the following is alleged to have occurred:

He criticized the Yugoslav Army. . . . However, he attacked only me personally. And in what a way! He spoke agitatedly about the sufferings of the Red Army and about the horrors it had undergone fighting for thousands of miles through devastated country. He wept, crying out: "And such an army was insulted by no one else but Djilas! Djilas . . . a man whom I received so well! Does Djilas, who is himself a writer, not know what human sufferings and the human heart are? Can't he understand it if a soldier who had crossed thousands of kilometers through blood and fire and death has fun with a woman and takes some trifle?" He then kissed my wife, because she was a Serb, and again shed tears over the hardships of the Red Army and Yugoslav ingratitude. . . . [And] he exclaimed, kissing my wife, that he had

made his loving gesture at the risk of being charged with rape.

This story of a "weeping Stalin" — which reads like a bad imitation of one of old man Karamazov's more outrageous acts of buffoonery—rings so improbable that one can only treat with some caution some of Djilas' other more "sensational" revelations about Stalin. For instance, there is the story that in 1946, Stalin said that "all of Germany" must be Soviet, Communist. But surely, in 1946, still lacking an atom bomb, Russia was on the defensive.

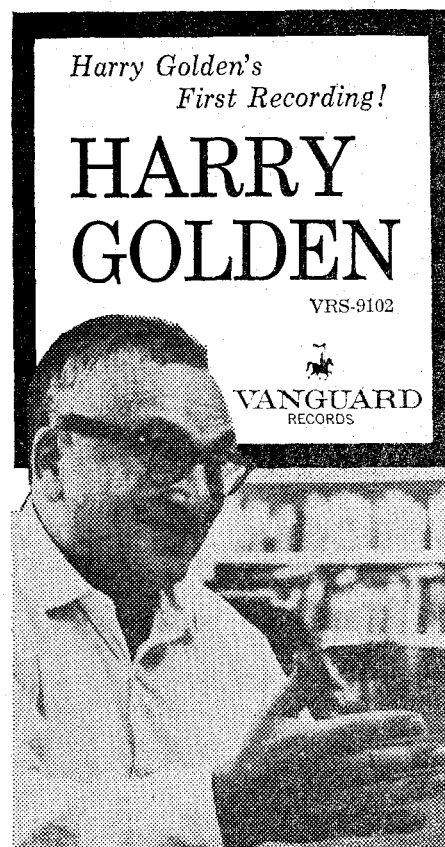
ACTUALLY, the "conversations" with Stalin constitute only a small proportion of the book; and most of these conversations consist of heavy-footed badinage about Churchill, or King Peter of Yugoslavia ("What about me or Molotov marrying a foreign princess, too, ha ha"), or about Jews, or about Simonov's love poems (a joke Djilas puts into Stalin's mouth, but which everybody in Moscow had heard years before). More serious, in the "conversations," are Stalin's remarks about the Balkans: his advice to the Yugoslav Communists in 1944 to negotiate with the Royal government; his decision to drop the Greek Communists; his bullying of Dimitrov over his various federal and customs-union plans in the Balkans.

Much of this is well known, and is touched upon in Soviet-Yugoslav correspondence of 1948 prior to the Stalin-Tito breach, while some of the "new" stories just don't ring true — for instance Zhdanov's remark, made in Stalin's presence, that the Russians made a mistake in not taking over the whole of Finland, and which provoked this rejoinder from Molotov: "Ach, Finland, that is a peanut!"

The personal story of Djilas' gradual disillusionment with Stalin is more important, but also not entirely convincing. The great man's inner circle is portrayed as a collection of toadies, gluttons and drunks. Beria makes obscene jokes, which are intended to amuse Stalin. "This deification of Stalin," Djilas says, "was as much the work of his own circle as it was his own doing," and he also notes the great difference between the Stalin of 1945 and of 1948 — senile decay had suddenly set in. He is not much kinder to the Russian generals — those generals "heavy with fat and medals and drunk with vodka and victory." It makes one wonder how these two sets of dissolute morons could ever have seen Russia through the war!

I wonder if the book was touched up editorially. It is now fashionable to call

Stalin "the greatest criminal in history," but the epithet is surprising, coming from one who fought the Nazis for years in the mountains of Bosnia — those Nazis who, directly or indirectly, were responsible for the death of 1,600,000 Yugoslavs. It is true that Djilas had a number of great and small personal grievances against the Russians — all the way from their refusal to give him the Order of Suvorov (after that "rape" episode) to the obscene ranting against him — and his country — by the unspeakable Vyshinsky at the U.N. in 1951. Djilas was still in a highly emotional state about it when I met him soon afterwards. "If," he exclaimed, "the Soviet Union is represented at the U.N. by a filthy blood-stained scoundrel like Vyshinsky, then there must be something rotten about the whole system!" Within three years, this resentment extended to the Yugoslav version of "the same thing."



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Invective Against the Father

MILTON'S GOD. By William Empson.
New Directions. 280 pp. \$5.

Kenneth Burke

THE UNDERLYING structure of Empson's latest book, which has the virtues and vices of a protracted pamphlet, might be reduced to the following strands, though the actual exposition is more complex: (1) He builds up a repugnant picture of Milton's God, especially as depicted in *Paradise Lost*; (2) these notions involve him in more sympathetic treatments of Christ, Satan, Adam, Eve and the angels, whether loyal or fallen (sentiments that Empson also extends to Delilah, as portrayed in *Samson Agonistes*); (3) he holds that Milton's God, "wicked" as he is, is much better than the traditional God of the Christians; (4) these considerations involve the author in attacks upon current "neo-Christianizing literary critics"; (5) to round things out, there are some perfervid curses uttered against Christianity in general (a somewhat bloodthirsty diatribe against bloodthirstiness). Here Christianity gets blamed for a lot, and any virtues that persons trained as Christians may possess are likely to be thought of rather as surviving in spite of Christianity.

All told, William Empson, who is best known for his book, *Seven Types of Ambiguity* (later followed by a similarly mercurial book, *The Structure of Complex Words*) and whose book, *Some Versions of Pastoral*, is equally ingenious (it is the book of his that I prefer, along with its imaginatively Marxist twist, though I doubt whether any orthodox Marxist would agree with my description), has chosen this time to exercise in a more "controversial" fashion. And he rises to a pitch of righteous indignation that will either reinforce your own righteous indignation, if you agree with it, or will call forth a contrary kind of righteous indignation, if you as righteously disagree with it. Or, in case you simply enjoy watching a good scrap, these pages should entertain you. They should entertain you particularly if, like this reviewer, you are sick of the dismal gossip-novels that are regularly heralded by spokesmen for the trade as great works of literature. In

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this case, you will be relieved to see how, whatever the problems of Christian doctrine and of a great blind Christian poet who had wrestled so sturdily with them, the orbit of the damned dingy gossip that currently passes for the ideal of fiction or biography or autobiography is necessarily transcended. You can't talk about a brainy and temperamental poet like Milton without finding that you are automatically involved in livelier matters.

TRUE, I'd flatly assert that Empson does not live up to the requirements of his subject. But, at least, he's free of the gossip racket. Milton inevitably did that for him. And in reading his book, you're in a realm where genuine literary exercising really counts. So, regardless of your righteous indignations, be they pro or con, I'd suggest that when confronting this book you relax and enjoy it.

Here is a list of statements (in the order of their appearance), that I have picked verbatim from the book because they seemed to sum up best one or another of the five "strands" I have mentioned:

A Renaissance Christian Church was itself usually a thorough-going police terror.

The Wars of Religion so disgusted sensitive and intelligent people with the cruelty of all Christian sects that, after about a century of effort, they managed to prevent the religion from burning people alive any more.

So long as you gave Mr. Eliot images of someone being tortured his nerves were at peace, but if you gave him an image of two people making each other happy he screamed.

Milton steadily drives home that the inmost counsel of God was the Fortunate Fall of man [fortunate, that is, because it called for Christ as Redeemer]. . . . However wicked Satan's plan may be, it is God's plan too. [Thus Empson quotes lines from *Paradise Lost* to show "that God's actions towards Satan were intended to lead him into greater evil." I believe that secular law would here accuse God of compounding a felony.]

[When misleading rumors start in Heaven] it is hard to see who could be the ultimate source but God himself, as part of a war of nerves.

The only good writer who had defended the regicide was ascribing to

the devils the sentiment still firmly held by himself and his proscribed party.

It is a tremendous moral cleansing for Milton's God, after the greed for power which can be felt in him everywhere else, to say that he will give his throne to Incarnate Man. [Empson here refers to the notion that Milton tries to patch up God's character by representing him as a despot who wanted to retire, and planned to let his Son take over.]

The picture of God in the poem, including perhaps even the high moments when he speaks of the end, is astonishingly like Uncle Joe Stalin; the same patience under an appearance of roughness, the same flashes of joviality, the same thorough unscrupulousness, the same real bad temper.

One expects the morality of God to be archaic, but this God seems to be wickeder than any recorded society.

What would have happened if Adam and Eve had irritated God by refusing to do what he foresaw is too horrible to imagine.

The conscience of Milton was not quite as corrupt as a neo-Christian's.

[Milton] was himself a man of civilized conscience . . . [and that was] the reason why he was laboring so hard to make his God appear a bit less morally disgusting.

[Neo-Christians] boast of the morally disgusting aspects of the religion which more traditional Christian writers have commonly been anxious to hide or explain away.

Parliament decided to exclude from England the American Horror Comics for children, and a leading Church of England scholar remarked jovially that the kids could get quite enough sadism from Christianity anyway.

[Christianity is the only one of the universal religions] which dragged back the Neolithic craving for human sacrifice into its basic structure.

When the Church had sufficient power, it would regularly happen that a man was promoted to high place in it through a widespread recognition that he was genuinely imitating Jesus Christ; and then he would say to himself "Come now; a man with my responsibilities has a duty not to go on imitating Jesus Christ; it is time to imitate God the Father; and immediately he would start behaving with monstrous cruelty, apparently without any psychic shock.

The Doctrine of the Trinity is a means of deceiving good men into

accepting evil; it is the double-talk by which Christians hide from themselves the insane wickedness of their God.

Shelley remarked that no man of honor could go to Heaven, because the more he revered the Son who endured, the more he must execrate the Father who was satisfied by his pain.

The Christian God the Father, the God of Tertullian, Augustine and Aquinas, is the wickedest thing yet invented by the black heart of man.

The symbol of the Religion of Love is a torture [and] Worship of torture is itself a sexual perversion; [hence] The fires of unsatisfied sex can be relied upon to stoke the fires of Hell.

[In sum:] What Christians are worshipping, with their incessant advertisements for torture, is literally the Devil.

TO BACK such views, Empson builds his interpretations, first of all, by relevant quotations from the text. He also employs paraphrases, often deliberately crude, designed to bring out the nature of the tactics. Thus, "God answers the petition of Adam by saying, in effect: 'What d'you want a woman for, hey? I don't want a woman.'" He makes effective polemic use of Milton's references to God's "derision." He plays up the fact that one-third of the angels revolted (a rebellion that would suggest the presence of tyrannical conditions in Heaven), and plays down Milton's explanation, according to which they got

into a state of disobedience to God through hierarchally *obeying* their immediate superior, Satan. (See in Book V. such lines as 671-710, and more specifically the passage: "But all obeyed / The wonted signal, the superior voice / of their great Potentate; for great indeed / His name, and high was his degree in Heaven.") He acts more as a debater than as an analyst in failing to bring out the fact that, in *Paradise Regained*, Milton stresses not Christ's "torture" but Christ's resistance to Satan's temptations. And by his stress upon "torture" rather than upon the sacrificial principle in general, he picturesquely deflects attention from the central relationship between religion and the social order. In sum, Empson is being Impson.

But above all, Empson commits what is surely the unpardonable sin as regards his concern with language: for he almost willfully fails to develop a mature, terministic or "logological" analysis of Milton's theological and poetic problems. This is no place to argue the matter in detail. But one point is obvious from the start: If only by reason of its borrowings from Judaism, the Greeks, the pagan Mediterranean cultures in general, the successive stages of secular Western thought and many other sources besides the "Neolithic," Christianity could not be so efficiently horrendous as Empson would want us to believe. Thus, though my own approach to the terminology of any and all theologies is secular, I have the uneasy feeling that something of the old Puritan fury shows through Empson's rabid brand of secularism.

The World of Rococo

PALE FIRE. By Vladimir Nabokov. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 315 pp. \$5.

Saul Maloff

BEFORE it is anything else, *Lolita* is a novel about art and the aesthetic emotion—what Mr. Nabokov calls, "aesthetic bliss," an apt term for the state of transport, rapture and ecstasy he writes about—cast, ironically, in the form of a pastoral romance. True, his shepherd—his centaur—drove a second-hand car and his nymph lay in motels and boarding-houses; but all the same that is

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June 16, 1962

what it is. In a parallel way, it is about that primal state of feeling which is the source of romantic love before it is socialized and domesticated—and becomes, by that alchemy, a baser metal. It is also the most astonishing book ever written about the death of butterflies and the triumph of moths.

When all the absurd noise which attended the appearance of the book had at last diminished to a dull, angry roar, it became possible to try to assess Vladimir Nabokov's singularities as a writer of fiction. To the degree that the novel as a literary genre takes as its subject matter man in society, Nabokov will have none of it. That great tradition he in fact holds explicitly in contempt, as he makes clear in his remarks on Balzac and Mann in the Afterword to

Lolita and in one of the Notes to *Pale Fire*. For him the novel is an open form akin to the condition of poetry, and must in its structure and development, by means of its language and imagery, attain the intensity and evocativeness of poetry, while yet remaining a fiction that tells a tale. Using every resource at his disposal, he makes us aware, not of lived life, not of the congeries of events which is the source of experience, but of an idiosyncratic response to experience, its quality as felt by his inordinate and original fancy. Such a conception of the novel disdains to conceal its means, to remove them to some distant place on the edges of perception, where they may work upon us mysteriously. We are continuously aware of the *making* of the work, of the process by which it is shaped and colored. And such a conception, in love with its

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means, may work as an impediment, so conscious are we of the contrivance—however dazzling the writer's ingenuity.

WHAT was true of *Lolita* is even more apparent in *Pale Fire*. Here structure clamors for attention; indeed the structure is so witty, and so obtrusive, that it threatens constantly to become its own end; and we are made to attend so closely to it that the novel itself seems wholly subordinate to its mode of enclosure. Correspondingly, the insistence on style, on sheer performance, is so unremitting as to be oppressive: what begins in delight ends in surfeit.

In *Pale Fire* Nabokov plays an elaborate game upon the theme of illusion and reality, the essential theme of all comedy; the difference is that most comedy derives its effects from observing the tension between the two, while in this novel they cancel each other out quite entirely. At its base is not a mode of observation, but a trick; the method of the trick—the legerdemain—is all: plot, circumstance, character—all.

The trick is the book, the structure itself. There is a Foreword (an organic part of the whole), written by the narrator "Charles Kinbote," the quite mad, wonderfully funny exiled king of Zembla, a northern fairytale now regrettably within the Soviet orbit. This is followed by a thousand-line poem in four cantos, all in couplets a little less than heroic, composed, just before he was murdered, by the distinguished American scholar-and-poet John Shade, whose work every schoolboy knows. Then follows, and it is the bulk of the novel, Kinbote's "Commentary" upon the poem—an exemplary exercise in textual criticism after which textual criticism may never again be the same. And finally there is an Index like none other in the history of bookmaking. The intricacies of the plotting are too tricky and involved to relate here; nor—and this is precisely the point—does it much matter: enough to say that the "Commentary," which contains such narrative as the novel holds, bears no relation, save a hilariously delusional one, to the poem it explicates. And it is from this complicated contrapuntal joke that the comedy unfolds and ramifies: Charles's life and hard times, the subject and plot of the "Commentary," is spun, not out of Shade's meters, its putative source, but out of the narrator's febrile fancy.

King Charles himself, Charles Xavier the Beloved, is another Humbert Humbert, and like his great predecessor a man of somewhat different tastes—for

faunlets this time instead of nymphets. It is all part of the color and pageantry of court life in Old Zembla. Queer and mad though he may be (as who deprived of a throne and page boys and compelled to lecture on Zemblan poetry in an American university would not be?), Charles Kinbote is an altogether charming character, just as Humbert H. was, no matter what a provincial moralist may say.

But for all its cleverness and dexterity, its brilliance of play and maneuver, Nabokov's novel raises disturbing questions precisely about his practice of the novel. In *Lolita* he wrote—incredibly—an Arcadian romance, his version of pastoral, and employed for it the famous overwrought, euphuistic style. The mannerist style was right—it was necessary—for that book. The novel was a sport, a brilliant freak, sufficient unto itself, its own menagerie. Nabokov is blessed, and cursed, with a "rich monstrous brain," a quality he attributes to his Zemblan king; and the style is its furniture. But the style, needing nothing but its own resources in order to create its world, can become—has become!—its own object and purpose, with the result that it will in the end create not a world (the novelist's immemorial purpose and justification), but a constellation of elegant and marvelous *bibelots*, an art which is minor by definition. It can end nowhere else.

We should be grateful to Mr. Nabokov for the rare, and rarefied, pleasure he abundantly gives. We should be grateful for his graceful and gracious gifts (I am not usually alliterative, only after reading Nabokov). But how one feels about *Pale Fire* will depend, I think, on how one feels about Rococo, when it is the style not of the palace alone, not of the capital alone, but of the entire kingdom.

ART

Max Kozloff

IT IS pleasurable difficult to decide what to praise first in the Guggenheim's present exhibition, titled "The Nineteenth Century: One Hundred Twenty-five Master Drawings." The eye is beguiled and the mind is complimented. Virtues abound throughout, whether they be the persevering selectivity and the happy installation of the drawings, or the scholarly finesse which has brought them together in such an exemplary manner. What the Council of Europe

has been doing in its great international displays of the Rococo, or of Romantic, art (that is, making vitally needed comparisons across formerly provincial levels of reference), this exhibition does for the ranges of nineteenth-century graphic expression. Indeed, Lorenz Eitner (of the University of Minnesota), who largely organized the show and wrote its catalogue, is in the forefront of those who are now doing justice to the cosmopolitan character of the nineteenth century. Without any qualitative sacrifices whatever, he has built an exhibition which will profitably collapse a few stylistic categories and greatly expand our knowledge of artistic currents outside France.

ALMOST the first impression given by a rapid survey of this affair is the disparate nature of its forms and idioms. We soon learn, though, that this is not the result of mere comprehensiveness alone, but of the exhaustion of the Baroque tradition. "Style," remarked Arnold Hauser, "is like a musical theme of which only variations are known." If this was true when there was still intact a dynastic, church and patronage structure, how chronic must be the variations when, swept away by the French Revolution, that structure no longer existed.

Affected too was the master-student relationship among artists. Formerly, one followed, or evolved from one's teacher, a prescribed mark of professionalism. But in the nineteenth century, or somewhat earlier, one was obliged to make one's choice, not within the context of available, contemporaneous traditions, but among alternatives which either tried desperately to regain a tradition or to venture forward into new optical experience. The necessity, in the nineteenth century, to face decisions based on a mode of feeling rather than an external style strikes us as a peculiarly modern problem, and accounts for that century's dazzling plurality. Rather than the individual being the servant of the form, the re-created form now affirms the individual.

Never before, would it seem, had art felt such an anguished responsibility to itself. In this almost moral dilemma, drawings, while limited in scope as compared to paintings, often played a catalytic role. They had a capacity to distill the utmost rhetoric from polemical tendencies, or to elicit the momentums of the more freely expressive and inquiring ones. Both potentialities were a consequence of draftsmanship's powers of simplification.

Oddly enough, those areas of the cen-

tury in which reduction of means are the most apparent are at the chronological beginning and end of the show. On one hand, we have David, Ingres, Flaxman and Runge; and on the other, Seurat, Redon, Chavannes, Cézanne and Klimt. Aside from austerity, these two groups have in common the distance they feel to exist between themselves and an irretrievable, yet constantly beckoning, Arcadian past. For its initiators, this dream of the past was authoritatively infused with all sorts of philosophical, cultural or socio-political overtones. The *fin de siècle*, however, was less demonstrative. Time and again, the drawings here are more intimate, wistful, poetic. Not only was their nostalgia more repressed and oblique, but their form is more "difficult" than their forbears'.

Conceivably, this opposition resulted from a progressive deflowering of artistic innocence during the century. A man like David equated his dogmas about Roman antiquity with the *truth*. But already Ingres, and certainly Delacroix, knew that "truth" resides only in their own sensibilities — illustrated by purified linear arabesques in the former, and emotionally charged, calligraphic gestures in the latter — and they realized only too painfully that their sensations were not always shared by others. Finally, around 1880, individual sensation ceased to be enough, and there ensued a shift from feeling to a consciousness of how feeling transforms itself into art. The drawings included at the Guggenheim are like a humanized seismograph of these aesthetic tremors, spooled out for us tellingly along the ramps.

The central, or matrix, portion of the show, of course, concerns itself with works that have previously been too conveniently labeled Romanticist, Realist and Impressionist. Yet how poorly these terms fit Corot, Courbet (cf. his *Self-Portrait*) and Degas, specimens of whose work confound our notions of conventional art history. Partly this is because we are too accustomed to interpreting their epoch as a series of "revolutionary" onslaughts of new vision, seldom realizing the extent of their continuity with specific moments of earlier tradition. Millet and Marées are perfect, gray representatives of nineteenth-century eclecticism, lacking the talent and force of temperament of a Courbet, but otherwise not much more conservative than he.

Indeed, there is no inevitable correspondence between the highest achievements in drawing and the greatest artistic innovations: Daumier is obviously a finer draftsman than Manet, but hard-

ly as daring or important as an artist. And Pissarro's drawing is positively weaker and more traditional than Gérault's. Insofar as drawing could implement the discharge of energy, or condense a personal manner, the nineteenth century was bound to use it to advantage — an advantage, however, linked more with the past than with its own eventual triumph over appearances. But the more the artists were bent on transcribing visual reality, the more drawing not only lost its most valuable historical affiliations, but ceased to have much effectiveness within their artistic aims. With this show as a gauge, we can clearly see the large dramatic oscillation (1820-1880) between the inner and the outer eye, and thereby educate our little mental pigeonholes.

FROM this point of view, the most instructive pages in the museum have to do with landscape. A look at Caspar David Friedrich, and the more obscure Germans around him, suffices to give us the earliest vision of landscape here represented: somber, though precise and cold in execution. Nature is a static, desolate construct, whose anatomy is explored and dissected. But if one studies Constable, Bonnington and Granet, one discerns a transition from solid, tactile experience of the natural image to effects of movement, atmosphere and light. The accent is no less "objective" — on the contrary — but the aim is more synthetic, and the results owe far more to a variable observation than to knowledge.

As this observation refines itself, still in the interests of a naturalistic, even a materialistic position, one becomes aware of a growing illegibility among the drawings. Meager patches of tone, after all, now imply a greater sensate comprehensiveness of natural phenomena — with the consequence that one has to work much harder to re-evoke originally transient stimuli. The constant search for optical effects finally outpaces the limited capacity of drawing (but not painting) to transcribe them. Henceforth, one has only graphic approximations of nature — a Sisley pastel, for instance, is already an abstraction — and drawing finally awaits a refunctioning of its means back into the probing of interior states of mind. Paradoxically, the sensuous enlargement of landscape sensibility concludes in that mystery of the formless which requires an unprecedented participation of the spectator, and which, even today, still haunts the further reaches of the visual imagination.

Having acknowledged the instructive-

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ness of M. Eitner's show, however, I should not neglect its beauty. It inspires a sense of wonder far more than the historical diagramming I have been indulging in. One is dazzled by Blake's water color, ingratiated by Hugo, Lawrence and Menzel, greatly satisfied by Prud'hon, and touched by Wasmann. As for more formal pleasures of line, texture and nuance, the spectator is literally pampered wherever he looks. Thankful as I am for the intelligence which juxtaposes a Ruskin to a Palmer, I am even more grateful to see that intelligence accompanied by taste.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE DUBIOUS notion of taking scissors and paste to a dozen or more old Harold Lloyd comedies has turned out brilliantly. This sampler, called *Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy*, confirms the catch phrase, "they don't make movies like that any more."

I don't mean that the movies should have continued indefinitely to grind out Harold Lloyd (or Buster Keaton or Laurel and Hardy) slapstick cliff-hangers; these family entertainers were repeating themselves alarmingly by the time they faded, for the formula was very simple and relatively rigid beneath a surface air of improvisation. Surprise (a kind of visual double meaning) and the chase were the basic ingredients.

But as the movies grew up they took a turn away from much in such pictures that was invaluable to the screen. Films turned "literary"—borrowing supinely from books and the stage—and they lost the rolling momentum that gave the old Lloyd comedies immense visual power. The directors also used the camera with a direct vigor that is largely lost in the elaborate technology of later styles. They cut much more boldly than is the custom today, producing a staccato, eloquent visual language. Sound blunted the inventive energy of the camera.

The stories were naive, but beneath plot there was a sophistication of comment that enables these old pictures to retain their flavor and bite years after their genre has died. Lloyd, behind the wheel of a high-frame touring car, is weaving a hysterical sprint through traffic that miraculously opens for his passage. The intoxicating excitement of his flight is summed up in the transfixed glee of a newsboy's freckled face—which somewhat sweet image is thereupon kidded by a similar expression of amoral joy caught on the bonneted face of an infant in its carriage.

Gags were, of course, essential to these films and they were milked with desperate ingenuity. A discarded cigar burns Lloyd not just once—it catches him three times and then is nudged from the scaffold where he clings to land in the upturned hat of a rotund gallant taking tender leave of his lady. Gags were set with very slow fuses, and the wait for them to detonate gave the pictures more suspense than the acrobatic hazards of Lloyd's scenarios.

An odd thing about these pictures is

that, although they were located in a fantasy world of total violence and total immunity (a truck smashing a man against a stone wall causes in him only momentary confusion), they yet maintained a running comment on the society they were entertaining. Lloyd's essential character is the utterly inoffensive young man who strides out into the world with confidence and love. And the world, both animate and inanimate, responds by abusing and betraying him in every way that can conceivably be shot by a camera. The only truly gentle human being he encounters in the present compilation is an eight-foot Mexican cretin with a toothache; everywhere else he puts out defenseless feelers of affection and encounters teeth.

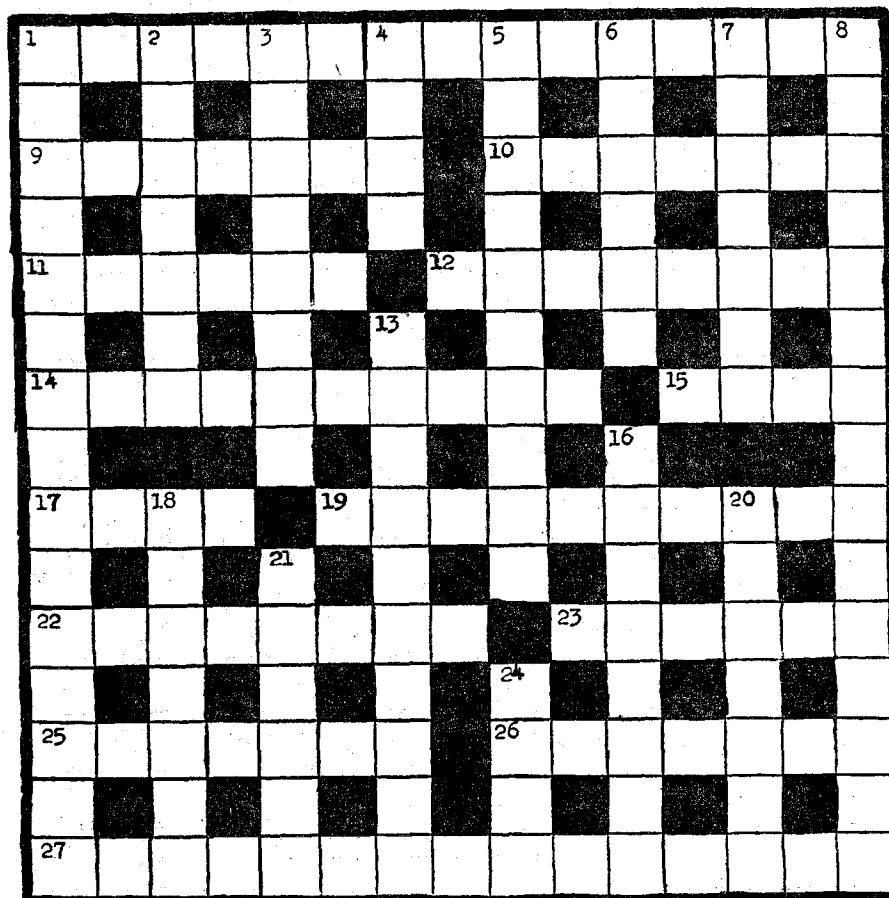
The America of thirty to forty years ago, shown in these excerpts, looks today relatively safe and comprehensible, but the country was already feeling the pressures of technology and wealth; and Lloyd was a symbol of everything that could happen to you as you went grazing among the Carnivora. Machinery defied him, crowds confused him, social contacts humiliated him; he was eternally being kicked in the stomach as he sought to board the overcrowded trolley car. The middle class was his audience: it laughed until it fell in the aisle—and went home feeling a little safer because Lloyd the scapegoat had suffered every disaster that could possibly befall them (they fondly hoped).

"Amusement of a harmless, light and thoughtless nature," was Paul Rotha's dismissal of Lloyd comedies in *The Film Till Now*. But Rotha was fiercely intellectual; also he was writing much closer to Lloyd's time. At today's distance, his pictures seem not merely harmless; they display a prophetic accuracy that is a chill through the laughter. The amiable young man who became chaos personified when he got behind the wheel of a car has grown into a nation of amiable men, young and old, who are now at the controls of space engines and nuclear devices. And the very inconsequence of Lloyd's most grotesque accidents underscores like a growl the eggshell delicacy of our present impunity.

SOMEONE whose name I haven't troubled to look up has remade *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*, dropping the *Doctor* from the title and with it the whole eerie magic of the original. It is now a creaky, portentous and unintentionally funny exercise in psychoanalysis that contains no art, no truth and precious little suspense.

Crossword Puzzle No. 967

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Reputedly one's best friend is included in an emotional triangle. (4, 2, 4, 2, 3)
- 9 Implied by never on Sunday for example, or a specific time? (7)
- 10 With a different head, this fish would come high, perhaps. (7)
- 11 Shakespearean near-wall-hanger? (6)
- 12 A masterer of some decoration (8)
- 14 Landed on time with a true sort of story, if a good one? (10)
- 15 Abraham's home, and Smith might be in the region. (4)
- 17 One's all broken up by projecting part of anything. (4)
- 19 Parables, or real representations of Thalaretos Maritimus. (5, 5)
- 22 Little bits of ash, possibly. (They're daily rituals for some men.) (8)
- 23 The evil of false representation on TV as a recommended opinion? (6)
- 25 Experience. (7)
- 26 Most people wouldn't want this subject of discussion dropped. (3, 4)
- 27 Buck politics, if you don't like it? (6, 9)

DOWN:

- 1 Only partially equivalent to a Brooklyn accent? (4, 6, 5)
- 2 Primrose, as an example of a well-known one. (7)
- 3 Are such bodies reputedly busy? (8)

- 4 Places a scene in poetry perhaps. (4)
- 5 Evidently Shaw was a mixture of both the naive and the great. (10)
- 6 Does this plant grow even more wild? (6)
- 7 Foster connection with the beautiful, if you like to sing. (7)
- 8 A lot of stars might show up with such a collection — sometimes it takes the place of a couple of houses. (7, 8)
- 13 Does it take a firm grip for protection? (10)
- 16 One of a famous trio gone wrong after a solid foundation to start with. (8)
- 18 Associated with a dramatic school? (7)
- 20 This was stated in 1912. (7)
- 21 Raiser of a chain? (6)
- 24 A graduated set of pipes. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 966

ACROSS: 1 Assignment; 9 Baronial; 10 Acetic; 11 Pockets; 14 Syndic; 15 Ninepins; 17 Episodic; 20 Curate; 22 Templar; 24 Gnashed; 26 Rialto; 27 Partying; 28 Participles. DOWN: 2 Stockades; 3 Idiotic; 4 Nile; 5 Tea-gown; 6 Ocean; 7 Canopy; 8 Mignon; 13, 12 and 19 Knock-down and drag-out; 16 Peristyle; 18 Prefix; 20 Cantrip; 21 The End; 23 Polka; 25 Epic.

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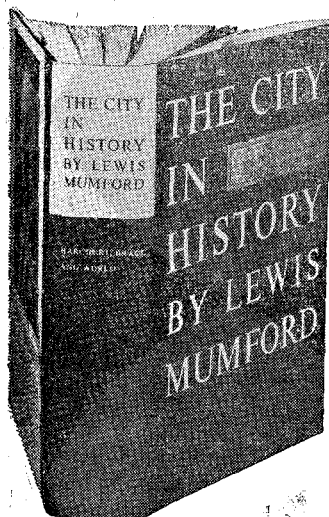
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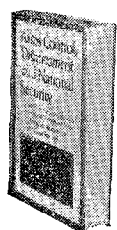
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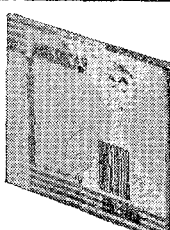
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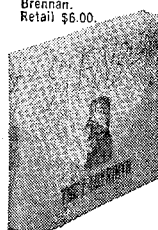
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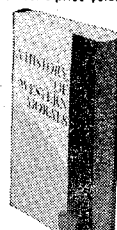
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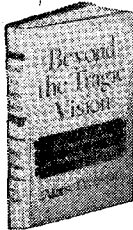
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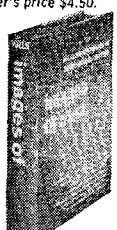
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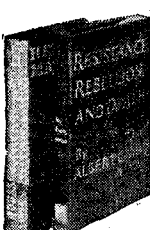
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